REGICIDE IN SPAIN.

The Attempt on the Life of King Amadeus.

ASSASSINATION IN SPANISH POLITICS.

The Cause and Effect of General Prim's Death.

THE KING WARNED OF HIS DANGER.

He Visits the Garden Buen Retiro and

THE MIDNIGHT ASSAULT.

Three Volleys Discharged Into the Royal Carriage.

HOW THE QUEEN'S LIFE WAS SAVED.

Surprising Valor and Presence of Mind of Amadeus.

THE FIGHT WITH THE ASSASSINS.

Madrid in a Ferment of Enthusiasm.

THE KING'S MIDNIGHT LEVEE

MADRID, July 19, 1872. The slow and dismal quietude of these summer days has been interrupted by a circumstance that, falling upon Spain like a bolt from the blue, makes ladrid, for the day, a scene of passion and wonder. and Queen, and all Madrid is in the streets talking it over. The telegraph will anticipate the mere deof the attempt. The story, however, has a orical and dramatic aspect which the telegraph wolds, and this I give you now.

ASSASSINATION AS A POLITICAL EXPEDIENT. When Mr. Buckle discussed the aspects of nature in their bearing upon human character and destiny tries nothing is more indifferent than human Macaulay, in detailing an account of the atpt to kill King William III. felicitates the English people upon the fact that assassination, as a political expedient, had never been welcomed by e English nation. America cannet say as much, ugh the murderer of Mr. Lincoln had in his veins the warm oriental blood which courses through these strange, sober people of the Peninsua—which makes blood in any form welcome sight. I never could underand the bull fight is as much a type and reflection of the Spanish character as the Derby is of England, or an election day of America. The Spanish have always welcomed bloody methods of solving religious or political problems. When a man nes troublesome it was easy to kill
And as he couldn't live for ever—
not? It was so with the Moors. It nificent cathedral of Toledo, where stupendons grace and majesty recall all the mediaval glory of and make you inadvertantly offer homage to that Saviour, where worship develops such beauty, you will see a picture of a chubby-cheeked, blueinfant child nailed on a cross in the agonies of ath, while a Jew is standing on the rungs of a dder and digging out its heart with a knife. The even in our cold and patient and skeptical age can-

dank. We goed for the parties that share the standard and patient and deptical age can be also been proposed to the patient of the standard deptical age can be also been proposed to the patient of the standard deptical age can be also been proposed to the can be discussed to the patient of the patient of

mands of Spanish character that he became to to France. He might have taken the crown, but he knew that it would simply make him the target for every rival's pistol. For a long time he veered between the dynasty that was and a new dynasty one that he could command. The dynasty that was had no secret love for him. He might have peace with it, and call in Montspensier or Alphonso and receive a dukedom and be the first subject of Spain. But the first flush of gratitude over, he sent out before. He would not pronounce for a republic, as he had a soldier's vanity and weakness about titles, and preferred to be first subject of a monarchy, Captain General and Duke, Prince, per haps, with all manner of decorations and dignities, than to be simple John Prim, first citizen of Spain. When he made his decision but one thing remained. If Amadeus came to the throne there was no room for any old dynastic prince in Spain. He could only rule Spain by the aid of Prim. Serrano did not like him—wanted to be king himself. Topete was known to prefer Montpensier. Without Prim Amadeus would find his throne of sand. And so the most expedient thing to do was to kill There was no anger in it, no dislike to Prim; no doubt some of the men who thus counselled were his friends. It was agreed upon just as Mr. Disraeli and his associates arrange a motion of want of confidence in Mr. Gladstone and go into Parliament and vote upon it. The opposition to Prim had a "want of confidence" in him and they could only vote him out by shooting him. That being resolved upon, the time was discussed. And here the Spanish political instinct was finely illustrated. Amadeus was to arrive in Cartnagena on a certain day, after a two days' trip over the Mediterranean. He was to be received in Carthagena by Prim and escorted to Madrid in great state. If he heard of Prim's death before leaving Italy he would postpone his journey simply, but would still be king elect. But should he arrive in Spain, and, instead of meeting his great ally and subject, hear of his murder, would he not abandon the country in terror and fy from a fate that gave him premonitions of his own? This was most probable. He could only flee from Spain by renouncing the crown. Prim dead, Amadeus a fugitive and the crown renounced, nothing remained but for Montpensier, as the Prince of the Asturias, to enter upon the throne. So these able and astute politicians reasoned and so they acted. Prim had again and again been warned of attempts upon his life. He paid no attention to them. He had been a conspirator himself and he knew what power involved. He probably listened to the stories as Mr. Gladstone would listen to a story that Mr. Disraeli and Lord Salisbury were conspiring to overthrow his ministry. Here things belonged to the irresistible in Spanish politics. He could not 2-void it. All that remained was for him to meet it with courage and dignity when it came. And this he did. As it was, the chances were more in his favor than those of the opposition, as nothing is so uncertain as assassantion and in a political sense so unsatisfactory. So when Prim was warned of his danger and shown police reports and begged to take some precautionary measures he smiled. Of course here was danger. It required no police spy to assure him of that. But what measures could he take? He was a Minister of Spain. As such Minister he had certain duties to perform. Their performance involved his very danger. He could only would the ylinding in trunk, and that was impossible. So he went as daily life without changing his accoun

The patient, overloaded donkey, laden with huge baskets of fruits and vegetables, stands drowsing in the sun while his master secks repose. The cad's are deserted and the drowsy attendants nod at you in stupid wonder if you ask for a glass of agraz or a dish of the cooling cherefos. The blazing sun has his will, and although the telegraph tells us that his doings in New York quite rival his most dazzling achievements in Spain, you must come to Madrid to know how mercless he can become. The sky here knows no cloud; the distant Guadanama Mountains, with their snow-wreathed summits, blink at you, and the keen winds come rushing down at times with wintry flerceness that search you through and through until you shiver. So the day passes on until the eveniug, and the city pours into the Prado. Lovely Spanish maidens, with eyes that look meltingly upon you and eyelashes that fringe faces tawny and olive, and a beauty that is sometimes terrible, stroll in groups, making the air merry with laughter and speaking the language of the fans, which for one's soul's peace, perhaps, is a riddle to stranger eyes. Sturdy Valencian women carry nursing children to the swings and the donkeys and the decorated children's cars, and gossip away while their unnoticed burdens drain their ample and well exposed bosoms of the sustenance of life. The sober, courteous Spanish men—swarthy and grave and undersized—saunter and exchange their innocent courtesies, the air laden with the smoke of their cigarettes. burdens drain their ample and well exposed bosoms of the sustenance of life. The sober, courteous Spanish men—swarthy and grave and undersized—saunter and exchange their innocent courtesies, the air laden with the smoke of their cigarettes. Now comes an ancient hidelgo, scorning the French follies of raiment, retaining his sombrero and cloak and breeches, and around his waist a broad sliken sash of orange or crimson or blue. Now and then comes a group of buil-fighters, whose odd costumes is never changed—a broad-brimmed hat, with swaying rim; the hair long and twisted up into a cue, like a diminutive Chinese pig-tail; closely-fitting Andalusian jackets, with rows of gilded buttons and heavy-braided front; tight pantaloons and gaudy scarks or sashes—these darlings of Madrid are welcome on the Prado, and receive a kind of ovation from their followers—an admiring public. So up and down this wide, open place until after midnight there is a group of ever-changing form and feature and color, love and laughter and gallantry, that you will perhaps see nowhere in the world. It is Spain in a cabinet picture, all that there is of social life in Spain passing and repassing, holding high carnival under the shrinking moon and the grateful stars, while you sit in silent and thoughtful review and listen to the music of their strangely melodious tongue as it fills the air, and marvel upon the destiny of the antique and illustrious race—once masters of two continents, and now with none so poor to do them reverence. THE GARDEN OF BUEN RETHRO!—THE NIGHT OF THE ATTEMET.

At the edge of the Prado is an enclosed garden, with a gate on which blazes in gas jets, "Jardin del Buen Retiro," To-night there is an immense throng at the gate, for it is one of the two evenings in the week when Señor Dolman and his band of a hundred performers give a public concert. This garden was formerly an appanage of the Crown, and was closed to the people. Hither the Queen was wont to retreat from the cares of malesty. But when the dynasty fell it was ope

SOCIEDAD DE CONCIERTOS,

We are then told that, st el tiempo lo permite (weather permitting), the twelfth concert will be given, beginning at nine o'clock in the evening. An attendant hands us a programme, which will have an interest, perhaps, as an idea of Spain's musical taste:—

Soil is never silent but at noon. Brokers sell stocks, children ery lottery telexts and matches; lade will press upon you balads and offenawe books; a poor billed troubadour will be strumming at his guitar; women with children in their arms will pursue you with newspapers—for here are for the publican newspapers—for lade on all sides in shrill, treble volces, is set Coulotte, a ferce red republican newspaper with a fondness for discussing the death of Maximillan and of reminding the king that he is an alien and that Spanisros never adeus is sadvised to alien kings. For Rome and not to purchase a return toket. At midnight the clamor reaches the highest, and the war of many voices and the shouthing freequently list until the sun rises. The wide Aicald ceases at the Puerta del Soi, and Madrid town and the same process of the condition of the King drove rapidly through the Puerta del Soi, and Madrid town and the same process of the royal carriage was interrupted for a moment by an empty cab and it came to a buries at rate of the royal carriage was interrupted for a moment by an empty cab and it came to a buries. Attack on the RING.

At this moment, while the King was conversing with General Burgos, there was what seemed to be a ratting discharge of pistol shots. In an instant General Burgos there was what seemed to be a ratting discharge of pistol shots. In an instant General Burgos divined the facts, hurriedly seized and at the King. Amadeus, however, instantly arose and stood erect, and surveyed the obstructing cab and continued at full specially arose and stood erect, and surveyed the obstructing cab and continued at full specially and the palace, the Queen orough and the facts have a surveyed the obstructing cab and continued at full specially and the palace, the Queen and stood erect, and surveyed the obstructing cab and continued at full specially and the palace pard one of the horse fell dead. He had been wonded by a bullet intended to kill him and arrest the King.

The poylal carriage continued to kill him

An unworthy, villanous and infamous crime was attempted last night in this capital, very similar in its details to that of the Calle dei Tarco, although, fortunately, of very different results. Since yesterday afternoon the government had knowledge, by private confidents, that the life of the King would be attempted last night, although His Majesty had likewise knowledge of the confidential details he believed them to be false, in his noble and gentlemanly character, and in

THE ENTHUSIASTIC ORANGEWOMAN.

While the Osangemen were passing through Fourteenth street, in parade, on the 12th of last month, an enthusiastic admirer of the Dutch Prince, named Mary Duncan, posted herself on her waved a large, orange-colored sash, at the same time giving vent to her feelings in expressions of time giving vent to her feelings in expressions of admiration for their cause. Peter Campbell, a pugnacious son of the Emerald Isle, took exceptions to Mrs. Duncan's conduct, and, without much ado, ascended the steps and threw her violently to the pavement, injuring her "severely, internally, externally and infernally," as she herself stated. Peter was arrested and locked up, and was yesterday arraigned before the bar at the Court of Special Sessions for trial. Mr. Abe H. Hummel appeared as his counsel, and as the evidence against his client was conclusive, he had recourse to the expedient of showing that his client was a man of most excellent general character, and therefore should be punished as lightly as possible. The prisoner was remanded for sentence.

THE NEWARK STRAW BAILISTS.

Newark on a charge of conspiring to cheat Newark citizens out of bail for Harris, the notorious re-ceiver, and who had an examination a few days ago, the Police Justice rendered a decision yesterday, in which he set forth that the testimony was clear that McNicholes and Jacks were professional bail brokers, and that had their plans succeeded they would have defrauded citizens out of considerable sums. There was no doubt with him but the bonds and mortgage were fraudulent. He therefore felt it his duty to hold the parties for the action of the Grand Jury. Jacks and McNichols were remanded to jail in default of \$3,000 ball each. "Miss" Augusta Harris, whose husband has just been released from Sing Sing, was bailed in \$1,500, her counsel, Mr. Gulid, going her had. ago, the Police Justice rendered a decision yesterLIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY.

The Meeting Between the Herald Correspondent and the Great Traveller.

Against Dr. Kirk-Native Firms in Zanzibar Accused of Slave Traffic-The Royal Geographical Society's Search and Relief Expedition a Failure and Why It Was a Failure.

[From the Bombay Gazette.]
The following letter from Zanzibar gives particu-

NEW YORK HERALD, and Dr. Livingstone, and the return of the Livingstone Search Expedition, and

Signature of the Naw York Heraldy of the Naw York Heraldy on Search and Relieved at Ujih by Mr. Stanley, of the Naw York Heraldy on Search and Relieved the Name of the Name o

pressed himself to any such effect, but that being naturally indignant at incerties naving been taken with the manuscripts unauthorized by him, and a map he repudiates, he declined in future to supply materials to those who had made so unwarrantable a use of documents previously sent, to be used to him the supply of the su

In the case of the persons recently arrested in

THE DISCOVERY OF DR. LIVINGSTONE

The Romance of the Century. [From the Caristian Union (Henry Ward Beecher), July 31.]

"Bohemia" about the genuineness of the New York HERALD'S expedition in quest of the great African explorer are at an end. Dr. Living has himself reported, and an interesting letter to Mr. Bennett gives a graphic account of his leliverance brought by Mr. Stanley.

The peculiar juncture of time at which this letter

appears prevents our printing it at length-which another week without giving at least its substance. When the relief arrived the traveller had come to five hundred miles, beneath a blazing, vertical sun, having been baffled, worried, defeated and forced to return, when almost in sight of the end of the geographical part of his mission, by a number of half-caste Moslem slaves sent to him from Zanzibar, instead of men. "The sore heart, made still sorer by the woful sights I had seen of man's inhumanity to man reached and told on the bodily frame, and depressed it beyond measure. I thought that I was dying on my feet. It is not too much to say that almost every step of the weary, sultry way was in pain, and I reached Uffit a mere "ruckle" of bones, "There he found that goods to the value of some five hundred pounds sterling had been sold and squandered by a drunken, half-caste Moslem tailor, to whom they had been unaccountably entrusted, and who pretended to have received advices that the Doctor was dead. So here he was in lijit, among savages, and reduced to beggary. Still he was bravely trying to bear up against despair, when vague rumors of an English visitor reached him. But the rest of the story must be told in his own expressive language:—

I thought of myself as the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jerioho, but neither priest, Levite, nor Samaritan could possibly pass my way. Yet the good Samaritan was close at hand, and one of my people rushed up at the top of his speed, and, in great county and off he darted to meet him. An American flag, the first ever seen in these parts, at the head of a caravan, told me the nationality of the stranger. I am as cold and first ever seen in these parts, at the head of a caravan, told me the nationality of the stranger. I am as cold and richest blessings descend from the Highest on you and yours."

The news that he received from Stanley, of the

"now," he tells us:—

I know about six hundred miles of this watershed, and unfortunately the seventh hundred is the most interesting of the whole; for in it, if I am not mistaken, four fountains arise from an earthen mound, and the last of the four becomes, at no great distance off, a large river.

* * I have heard of them so often, and at great distances off, that I cannot doubt their existence, and, it spite of the sore longing for home that seizes me every time I think of my family, I wish to finish up by their rediscovery.

A WESTCHESTER MYSTERY.

Story-Is it an Attempt at Self-Dest

sult in death, came under the notice of Warden Brown and the physicians of the Park Hospital yesterday, and so far the most energetic endeavors of Captain Leary, the physicians and the reporters have failed to unravel the mystery that sur-

About nine o'clock yesterday morning two mera entered the hospital and asked to be admitted. One of them, Francis Fruburg, was bleeding proear, and the other, Charles Haas, was assisting him to the premises. The Warden, seeing the critical condition of Fruburg, prepared as cot for him at once, and then questioned the menas to the manner in which the wound was inflicted. (Friday) engaged at work for the father of Charles Haas, in Morrislania, and, starting late in the even-

iwenty-two years of age and a native of Germany. Dr. Hardy says that he is in a most critical condition.

The story of the men did not agree in many minof details, and doubt was cast upon it. Warden Brennan endeavoted to unravel the mystery, age aid also Captain leary, of the City Hall police, but they were insuccessful and abandoned the work. The impression left upon the minds of the officials was that Fruburg had made an attempt upon his life. This theory was strengthened by the discovery that the ear was much torn, showing that the pistol must have been very near the head when it was discharged. A reporter who visited 47 Delancey street yesterday afternoor found that the wounded man has a news stand in the busement of that number. The keeper of a saloon next door states that he has lived there but two months, and has a good reputation for sobriety and industry. Beyond this he knew nothing of Fruburg's antecedents. Later the man's wife was found at the hospital, whither she had gone with her son on reading of the case in the evening papers. She is a woman about twenty years older than her husband and professes not to be able to converse in English. She states that on Friday morning her husband served his customers as usual with newspapers, and at eleven A. M. left for Morrislana, remarking that he would be home in the evening, and that she next heard of him through the newspapers. She scouted the idea of suicide, stated that she was his second wife, having married him in May last, that he has always been happy, sober and industrions, and she has never seen a pistol in his possession. Previous to going to Delancey street she reports that they had a news stand.

These are all the facts that could be gleaned yesterday, and as it now stands the case is one of singular mystery. Strange to say, after assisting his friend to the hospital, Haas soon left, and probably nothing more will be known of the case unless the Coroner is called in to investigate it in the event of the wound proving fatal.

ANOTHER UNKNOWN CORP

ANOTHER UNKNOWN CORPSE.

The dead body of an unknown man was found in the Hariem River, near Port Morris, Westchester the Harician River, hear Port Morris, Westchester county, yesterday. The remains, which were clad in a shirt and a pair of overhauls, had evidently been in the water for a considerable time, as decomposition had rendered identification next to impossible. Coroner Meeks held an inquest, when a verdict of "Found drowned" was rendered. The corpse was taken charge of by the town authorities for interment,